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Memorial and Peace Day

ILLINOIS - - - - 1930

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Memorial and Peace Day

May Thirtieth

1930

Circular No. 243

Compiled by

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MEMORIAL STATUE TO GOLD STAR MOTHERS
DESIGNED BY LEON HERMANT.

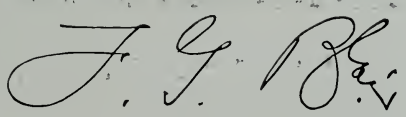
This group will stand at the end of Memorial Hall in the Centennial Building at Springfield.

MEMORIAL DAY LETTER.

To Teachers:

How can we in our school work show our appreciation of those who fought to create and preserve our nation; how can we show our gratitude to those who gave their lives to secure and preserve our liberties without at the same time unduly exalting war and warriors? There are those who in order to fly away from the latter danger would have us neglect in our schools that proper study into the lives of the makers and saviors of all that we possess in the way of national life and freedom. Perhaps there is no middle ground. With every issue of the Memorial and Peace Day annual there may be objections from one group that the matter presented tends too much to stir the war spirit in the hearts and minds of the children, while from the other group may come the criticism that the so-called pacifist has determined too much of its contents However that may be, I commend to the teachers of Illinois the spirit of the last words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address. They breathe respect for and gratitude to those who have fought the fight and paid the price, and at the same time they express a fervent desire that such a conflict shall never come again and that perpetual peace may encompass the nation and the world:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."



—Underwood.

SERVICE STAR FLAG WAVES OVER NATION'S CAPITOL DURING ARMISTICE DAY RITES.

MEMORIAL DAY

LEONARD WOOD.

Memorial Day brings with it the memory of those who have fallen in our wars, those who gave everything, even life itself, that the nation might live, that right and justice might prevail.

The World War has added its hundreds of thousands to that heroic band who fell serving the country so gallantly in our earlier wars.

Those who died were the men who appreciated the responsibility of each and every citizen for service; those who answered the call of duty. They realized that the nation had given them equality of privilege and had the right in return to demand equality of obligation for service. They served, animated by a spirit of service and sacrifice which knew no limit. Their memory and example will always be an inspiration to our people for loyal, unselfish service—service to the limit of our powers, mental and physical.

The issues for which many of them fought and died have long been settled, but the spirit of service and sacrifice of those true Americans is alive today. If the nation is to endure and perform its duty in the world it must ever be kept alive; it must never be allowed to falter.

Fort Sheridan, Illinois
February Twenty-Third
Nineteen Twenty-one.

CHILDREN AND MEMORIAL DAY.

S. M. KNEIL.

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet,
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.
We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright,
We'll love the land for which they fell,
With soul, and strength, and might!

OUR INHERITANCE.

ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.

Let our children know the names and deeds of the men who preserved the Union; let piety and patriotism sweetly unite in forming the character of our children, that we may have a race of loyal and noble Americans to carry forward the triumphs of liberty after those who won it have gone to their reward.

GENERAL GRANT AT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
1863.

MEMORIAL DAY.

EMMA A. LENT.

A day of tender memory,
  A day of sacred hours,
Of little bands of marching men,
  Of drums and flags and flowers.

A day when a great nation halts
  Its mighty, throbbing pace,
It pays its meed of gratitude
  And love with willing grace.

A day when battles are retold,
  And eulogies are said,
When dirges sound, and chaplains read
  The office for the dead.

A day when fairest, sweetest blooms
  Are laid upon each grave,
And wreaths are hung on monuments,
  And banners, half-mast, wave.

A day to keep from year to year
  In memory of the dead;
Let music sound, and flowers be laid
  Upon each resting-bed.

MEMORIAL DAY.

EMERETTE H. DUNNING.

To all the heart-wounds touched afresh this day
As on the Soldier's resting place we lay
Thy flowers, Christ, in tender memory,
Give healing thou,
This eventide.

And for the sorrowing ones who yet remain,
To whom the heart-break and the bitter pain
Come like the memory of an old song's sad refrain,
Have pity thou,
This eventide.

For all the losses of the lonely years—
For all the weight of shed and unshed tears,
For all forebodings, and all coming fears,
Give quietness,
This eventide.

By all the flower of youth in battle slain,
By all the woman's heritage of pain;
The prayer that it may not have been in vain.
We leave with thee,
This eventide.

GENERAL HOOKER AND STAFF IN WINTER QUARTERS, LOOKOUT VALLEY, WINTER 1863–64.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER.

WALT WHITMAN.

Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door, mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come, father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry, mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.
Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd,)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

ODE FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Done are the toils and the wearisome marches,
  Done is the summons of bugle and drum.
Softly and sweetly the sky overarches,
  Shelt'ring a land where Rebellion is dumb.
Dark were the days of the country's derangement,
  Sad were the hours when the conflict was on,
But through the gloom of fraternal estrangement
  God sent his light, and we welcome the dawn.
O'er the expanse of our mighty dominions,
  Sweeping away to the uttermost parts,
Peace, the wide-flying, on untiring pinions,
  Bringeth her message of joy to our hearts.

Ah, but this joy which our minds cannot measure
  What did it cost for our fathers to gain!
Bought at the price of the heart's dearest treasure,
  Born out of travail and sorrow and pain;
Born in the battle where fleet Death was flying
  Slaying with saber-stroke bloody and fell;
Born where the heroes and martyrs were dying,
  Torn by the fury of bullet and shell.
Ah, but the day is past: silent the rattle,
  And the confusion that followed the fight.
Peace to the heroes who died in the battle,
  Martyrs to truth and the crowning of Right!

Out of the blood of a conflict fraternal,
  Out of the dust and the dimness of death,
Burst into blossoms of glory eternal
  Flowers that sweeten the world with their breath.
Flowers of charity, peace, and devotion
  Bloom in the hearts that are empty of strife;
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean
  Leaps into beauty and fullness of life.
So, with the singing of paeans and chorals,
  And with the flag flashing high in the sun,
Place on the graves of our heroes the laurels
  Which their unfaltering valor has won!

GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF.

MEMORIAL DAY—1898.

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

The days are dead of bitter fray, of red despair and black distress;
The blessed years speed on their way, the years that bring forgetfulness.
Awhile the livid scars we note of biting sword and rending shot,
Awhile there rises in the throat the sob for those who heed it not;
Awhile the remnant still we see that lessens with the seasons' round,
And then—how long till they and we are unremembered, underground?

Lights out! The tragedy is done; the curtain falls, the players cease
Their warlike parts, and here begun behold the Passion-Play of Peace!
Reveille sound! New pageants come; new war-worn knights are marching home:
With trumpets' blare and roll of drums, a triumph 'tis of ancient Rome.

Yet surely 'tis a little thing and meet to do, so, while we may,
Let us bow down remembering a Mother mourns her lost to-day.
What though the word from Eastern isles tells that her newest ministers
Have won fresh battles? Tho' she smiles on those, these too—these too are hers!

Here at the revel's highest tide, before the conquered over-seas,
She pauses, pale, to turn aside and cast one flower more for these.

Yea, all are hers—and what a host! Through half the world they mark her way,
Or bleaching on the China coast, or torn and toss'd in Southern bay.

On many a scattered field they lie, from lonely heights call out to her,
In alien waters glad to die, the sea their shifting sepulchre.
We smile again in peace to greet the servient savage, hold our head
Above the clouds of dawn—our feet trampling upon our brothers, dead!

My country, hark! On every hand thou seest thy work and find'st it good—
No, Goddess, no; each inch of land bought with a fallen soldier's blood!
The lover, father, brother, son, have ransomed thee through all the years;
Wan boys have paid thy martyrdom, thy smile is bought with women's tears.
Listen, my Mother, 'tis the mouth thy bursting breasts have ever fed,
From East and West, from North and South: "Give back our dead! Give back our dead!"

Nay, peace! They would not bring thee pain, howe'er their wildest woe be heard:
And when thou needest lives again, their hearts are ready—say the word.
Gladly we help the sacrifice, but though we serve unmurmuringly,

Remember, Freedom is our price, since men must die that men be free:
That is thy pledge, by peace or war, to those who sleep upon the ground
Their blood had bought from shore to shore, until the last reveille sound.

THE LITTLE FLAGS.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT.

Oh, when you see them flying
Beside the summer way
The little flags they put in place
Upon Memorial Day—
Remember each is crying a message
Straight to you—
A message straight to every lad
Whose heart is clean and true.

They tell the splendid story of those
Who marched away
In answer to a voice that said,
"Your country calls! Obey!"
They heard the call to glory,
As you can, if you try;
"Your flag demands your best today,
Not some time by and by!"

OLD GLORY.

A. S. GUMBART, D. D.

The white is the symbol of purity. It stands for the ideal virtue which should be exercised under certain circumstances and conditions.

In a statesman it would stand for a pure and incorrupt citizenship; in a judge it would stand for integrity; in a business man it would stand for honesty; in view of sickness it would stand for humility, and in relation to the poor it stands for charity.

In fact, it stands for everything that is godly.

The red stands for love. This color receives its symbolism from the blood, and reminds us that every true patriot should be willing to die for the love of country; to shed his blood if necessary in the hour of the nation's peril.

But more particularly does the red symbolize that divine love which should dwell in every breast and be the ruling passion in every soul.

The stars upon the azure are symbols of light and heavenly protection. They teach us that every State should be a symbol of light, of righteousness, of truth. They remind us, also, that Heaven is above us, underneath, and around us, and that in the darkest hour of the nation's peril God's eye is upon us.

—*Outstanding Days,*
CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

The light that shines from a patriot's grave is a pure and holy light.

—HOMER EVERETT.

SELDEN M. FRENCH, 12TH IOWA INFANTRY, JESSIE, AND GEORGE WILLIAM MacDONALD, 65TH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

A CIVIL WAR DRUMMER BOY.

1851–1930.

George William MacDonald had the distinction of being the youngest soldier enlisted from Illinois during the Civil War. He was born August 17, 1851, and enlisted in Co. C—65th Ill. Vol. Inf. at Camp Douglas in Chicago, in the early spring of 1862, being at that time a little lad of ten and a half years.

He had learned to drum through the teaching of William Nevins of the famous Ellsworth Zouaves.

One of his proudest memories was that he had seen Abraham Lincoln and heard him speak at the Old Wigwam in Chicago.

Mr. McDonald has delighted hundreds of school children at their Memorial Day programs with his skillful drumming interspersed with interesting reminiscences of his army life. His friend, Selden French, a Civil War fifer, often played with him, and the inspiring tunes of "Rally Round the Flag Boys," "Marching Through Georgia," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," when played by them held many an audience spell-bound.

Mr. MacDonald passed away February 6th, 1930, in Chicago. Mr. French is living in Pasadena, California.

SNODGRASS HOUSE, GENERAL THOMAS' HEADQUARTERS AT CHICKAMAUGA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1863.

THE PRIZE OF WAR.

JOHN KEARNS.

Memorials I contemn, and frankly may,
For all the noble ardors they instil;
Yet there is one up Nova Scotia way—
An old ship's cannon on a sea-side hill;

An ancient weapon merely, crude and grave,
A prize of victory, to cherish spite;
But round it climbing roses, eager, brave
To blot it from existence, if they might.

A petty challenge in its attitude,
Neglect has tamed its medieval pride;
Beneath its garlands, yielding and subdued,
Its temper gone, it wills to shrink and hide.

Exiled from martial triumph and parade,
It drowses on, incompetent to shock
The wreaths that sport within the tragic shade
Of clammy barrel and decaying stock.

So when I vision war, I recollect
This token of redeeming love, the glum
Old Nova Scotia relic, flower-decked
And helpless—starkly threatening, but dumb.

ILLINOIS MONUMENT TO MORE THAN 2,000 ILLINOIS HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR BURIED IN THE MEMPHIS NATIONAL CEMETERY.

CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL.

A memorial to Illinois Civil War soldiers who died on the field of battle and are buried in the national cemetery at Memphis, Tennessee, was dedicated in the cemetery on October 15, 1929.

The Fifty-fourth General Assembly appropriated $25,000 for the erection of the monument. It was designed by Hugh M. G. Garden, Chicago architect, in conjunction with Leon Hermant, sculptor, and was built by Charles G. Blake and Company, also of Chicago.

The monument is set in the center of the plot of ground occupied by the graves of Illinois soldiers and covers a space 35 feet long by 20 feet wide. It is a sarcophagus of black granite set on a platform of gray granite. The sarcophagus is enriched by inlaid bronze bands of fretwork, and on it lies a figure representing the unknown soldier, the figure being draped in a flag.

A commission was appointed by Governor Emmerson consisting of William G. Thon of Chicago, chairman; Dr. Charles O. Brown, Oak Park; State Senator Charles F. Lee, Decatur; Representative Lee McDonough, Waukegan; and Representative Roy A. Corzine, Stonington, to arrange for the dedication.

MOCCASSIN BEND FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN BATTLEFIELD.

OUR DEBT TO THE NATION'S HEROES.

Every feat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. The whole nation is better, the whole nation is braver, because Farragut, lashed in the rigging of the Hartford, forges past the forts and over the unseen death below, to try his wooden stem against the iron-clad hull of the Confederate ram; because Cushing pushed his little torpedo boat through the darkness, to sink beside the sinking Albemarle. All daring and courage, all iron endurance of misfortune, all devotion to the ideal of honor and of the flag make for a finer and nobler type of manhood. All of us lift our heads higher, because those of our countrymen whose trade it is to meet danger have met it well and bravely. If ever we had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, or had to submit tamely to wrong or insult, every man among us worthy of the name of American would feel dishonored and debased. On the other hand, the memory of every triumph won by Americans, by just so much, helps to make each American nobler and better.

Every man among us is more fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of citizenship because of the perils over which, in the past, the nation has triumphed; because of the blood and sweat and tears, the labor and the anguish, through which, in the days that have gone, our forefathers moved on to triumph.

—Theodore Roosevelt, in *"American Ideals."*

OUR NEW LIBERTY BELL.

The Liberty Bell is calling,
From the school-house on the hill.
Its mellow notes re-echo
From the mountains, cold and still.
Through the village streets they travel,
As a summons to the free:
For the school-house is the cradle
Of our Country's Liberty.

Not on battle field where cannon
Pour their shells upon the foe,
Can you train the soul of Freedom
In the things it ought to know.
That old Bell in Philadelphia
Rang its notes, and then was still!
But its voice today is speaking
From the school-house on the hill.

—*Rhode Island Independence Day Bulletin.*

—P and A Photos.

THE STORY THAT IS NEVER OLD.

DECORATING THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Minot J. Savage.

A silent bivouac of the dead, we say,
While on the low green tents we lay our flowers,
And with soft tread we take our reverent way
Past where each seems to sleep away the hours.

A silent bivouac? Nay, they sleep not here:
They have passed on; and, gleaming bright ahead,
Their camp-fires on yon heights of truth appear,
Lighting the way that coming feet shall tread.

Their shot-torn flags still wave upon the air,
There where some new heroic deed is done;
And, echoing loud, their shout still ringeth where
Some new field waits, by brave hearts to be won.

The brave die never, though they sleep in dust:
Their courage nerves a thousand living men,
Who seize and carry on the sacred trust,
And win their noble victories o'er again.

Their graves are cradles of the purpose high
That led them on the weary march, and through
The battles where the dying do not die,
But live forever in the deeds they do.

And from these cradles rise the coming years—
The dead souls resurrected,—still to keep
The memory of those times of blood and tears,
And carry on the work of those who sleep.

And thus the silent bivouac of the dead
Finds voice, and thrills with throbbing life today;
And we, who softly by their green tents tread,
Will hear and heed the noble words they say.

THE HARVEST.

Henry Watterson.

The hundreds of thousands who fell on both sides did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and for the ages, a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of free men; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

DECORATION DAY PRAYER.

ARTHUR ROSZELLE BEMIS, JR.

Lord of our fathers, hear our prayer
For those who paid the price;
Our stalwart youth, so brave and fair,
Who made the sacrifice.

They slumber in the cypress' shade,
They, who so nobly died;
Facing destruction unafraid,
All for a nation's pride.

We honor them and weep to think
Of youthful hearts so still.
O lord, that youth like this should drink
So soon from Lethe's rill!

The price of peace is far too high
In youthful limb and life.
To you, O gracious God, we cry
Through clouds of hate and strife.

We pray that in the hearts of man
The flame of hate may die;
That clouds of war no more shall span
Our nation's peaceful sky.

Lord of our fathers, hear our prayer
For youth now free and gay;
We pray that You may ever spare
Them from the awful fray.

GOD GIVE US MEN.

J. G. HOLLAND.

"God give us men!" A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions, and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue and damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Pure men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

—Underwood.

WHERE JOUETT STARTED HIS FAMOUS RIDE.

CAPTAIN JACK JOUETT, JUNIOR.

In 1781 Lieut. Col. Tarleton of the British forces was advancing from Richmond toward Charlottesville where Governor Thomas Jefferson and the Virginia Legislature were liable to be captured. Capt. Jack Jouett of the Albermarle County Militia, heard of the advance and began a fifty mile ride at midnight. He arrived just before dawn, a few moments before the British, warning Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Nelson and Benjamin Harrison, all signers of the Declaration of Independence, so that they escaped. The marker at Cuckoo, Louisa county, Virginia, commemorates the ride of this southern Paul Revere.

INDEPENDENCE DAY—PRAYER.

O God of purity and peace, God of light and freedom, God of comfort and joy, we thank Thee for our country, this great land of hope, whose wide doors Thou hast opened to so many millions that struggle with hardship and with hunger in the crowded Old World.

We give thanks to the Power that has made and preserved us a Nation, that has carried our ship of State through storm and darkness, and has given up a place of honor and power that we might bear aloft the standard of impartial liberty and impartial law.

May our altars and our schools ever stand as pillars of Welfare; may the broad land be filled with homes of intelligent and contented industry, that through the long generations our land may be a happy land and our country a power of good will among the Nations.

—Charles Gordon Ames.

ATHENIAN OATH.

(Translated from Greek.)

We will never bring disgrace on this, our Nation, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals of the Nation: both alone and with others: We will revere and respect our nation's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty, thus in all these ways, we will transmit this Nation not only not less but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.

—John Timothy Stone.

—Underwood.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Works which endure come from the soul of the people. The mighty in their pride walk alone to destruction. The humble walk hand in hand with Providence to immortality. Their works survive. When the people of the Colonies were defending their liberties against the might of kings, they chose their banner from the design set in the firmament through all eternity. The flags of the great empires of that day are gone, but the Stars and Stripes remain. It pictures the vision of a people whose eyes were turned to the rising dawn. It represents the hope of a father for his posterity. It was never flaunted for the glory of royalty, but to be born under it is to be a child of a king and to establish a home under it is to be the founder of a royal house. Alone of all flags it expresses the sovereignty of the people which endures when all else passes away. Speaking with their voice it has the sanctity of revelation. He who lives under it and is loyal to it is loyal to truth and justice everywhere. He who lives under it and is disloyal to it is a traitor to the human race everywhere. What could be saved if the Flag of the American nation were to perish?

—Calvin Coolidge.

THE PRIMACY OF LAW.

"I have accepted this occasion for a frank statement of what I consider the dominant issue before the American people. Its solution is more vital to the preservation of our institutions than any other question before us. That is the enforcement of and obedience to the laws of the United States both federal and state.

What we are facing today is something far larger and more fundamental—the possibility that the respect for law as law is fading from the sensibilities of our people. Law should be observed and must be enforced until it is repealed by the proper processes of our democracy.

The duty to enforce the law rests upon every public official, and the duty to obey rests upon every citizen.

Every citizen has a personal duty in it—the duty to so order his own actions, to so weigh the effect of his example, that his conduct shall be a positive force in his community with respect to the law.

Let me recall an oft-repeated word from Abraham Lincoln, whose invisible presence lives hourly at the very desk and in the very halls which it is my honor to occupy: "Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, in colleges. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; and, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altar."

—Herbert Hoover.

PATRIOTS. —P and A Photos.

CENTENNIAL BUILDING AT SPRINGFIELD.

THE RIGHT KIND OF AN AMERICAN.

1—An American must love liberty.
2—He must know how to use his hands and brains.
3—He must master the English language.
4—He must honor the United States above all countries.
5—He must serve his country every day.

—*My Country.*

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

The United States is, indeed, a great Land of Opportunity,—the greatest in the world. The number of men and women in this Country, both native-born and naturalized, who have risen from the ranks of humbleness and poverty to positions of power or wealth, or both, are too numerous to mention. In this respect the lives of many of our most famous Americans, including several Presidents of the United States, are romances that give inspiration to the youth of America.

Let us take, for example, the last Republican and Democratic candidates. Mr. Hoover was born a poor boy, the son of an Iowa village blacksmith. Governor Smith, the son of an Irish immigrant, started life a poor boy in New York City, selling newspapers to help support his family.

Mr. Hoover has said: "This Country gave me, as it gives every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope. My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my Country beyond any human power to repay."

Governor Smith, feeling equally grateful for what this wonderful country has done for him, says: "The opportunity for successful achievement for the boys and girls of this great Nation does not diminish with our Country's progress; rather it expands. It calls with no uncertain assurance to the sons and daughters of every section of the Land and every station of life, that truth, patience, honesty, determination and hard work, will ultimately bring to them a full measure of success and happiness."

What these two great, successful Americans and their wives have achieved, lies within the reach of every American boy and girl, however humble and poor they may be.

—*American Flag Book.*

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand;
One nation, evermore.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—Herbert Georg.

THE BLACKHAWK STATUE ON THE ROCK RIVER NEAR OREGON, ILLINOIS.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Angelo Patri.

'Twas like this, my children:

Down in the harbor a deep-throated whistle sounded; then another and another and then the bells and motor horns and the factory whistles and the cheers. A great wave of joy rolled over the city. Joy that rose to the towers and hung quivering in the tree-tops. Joy that crept into every nook and corner and filled every heart. Friend and foe alike on fire with joy.

"The war is over. Peace, peace, peace at last." The wave of joy swelled to an ocean and swept from shore to shore carrying a people upon its crest.

"Peace. Lay down those shells you are making. They'll never be wanted.

"Peace. Throw down that mask you are making. 'Twill never be needed. No human being shall ever again be tortured by those fumes from hell.

"Peace. Stop hammering so madly. That ship will never carry ammunition. We kill no more. It is past.

"Peace. Blow the trumpet, beat the drum, shout aloud and dance for joy. The hand of the war fiend is lifted. We kill no more nor are killed.

"Peace. Bring flowers and strew them.

"Peace. Let the pent-up tears of the horrible years flow in gladness.

"Peace. Let the feet that were heavy with sadness dance in joy to the bells and the bugles.

"Peace. The boys will be coming. Lay down the needles and the mud-colored wool and the rolls of white bandages. Hurry. Hang out the flags and the banners.

"Peace. They'll be hungry and war-worn and weary. Beat up the cakes and pile in the raisins and citron. Polish once more, for the hundredth time, the chairs and the tables. Home must be shining its welcome. How soon will the ships turn homeward? Soon. Hear the bells and the horns and the music.

"Peace. The boys are coming. Hurry and hang out the flags and the banners. Count again proudly the service stars. Ah! One of them golden.

"Peace. Peace has her price and we've paid it. Back of that star is a cross in Flanders.

"Peace for a war-stricken world bought with those stars and those crosses.

"Peace. More. 'Tis an armistice. We've laid down our arms and pray God they never are lifted.

"Peace. Shake out the folds of the flag and tell over the story of the Armistice. Count the stars of gold and the crosses in Flanders. Teach that the glory of war is a lie and that Peace has come out of Gethsemane, purchased with price and with crosses.

"Armistice, Armistice, Joy that is hallowed by suffering.

"Peace and the promise of resurrection."

LEST WE FORGET.

CURTIS WHEELER.

The cold rain falls on Dun-sur-Meuse to-night,
My brothers of the Marne, do you fare well,
Where by the ford, or on some wind-swept height,
You lie among the hamlets where you fell?

Do you sleep well these wet November nights,
Where there is never any brushwood blaze,
To cast within the dugout wavering lights,
And warm the chill of these benumbing days?

Romagne sous Montfaucon! The little towns
That scatter from the Somme to the Moselle,
Some silent sentry on their high-backed downs,
Harks still to every far white church's bell—

The humble little church of misty hills,
Set where the white roads cross, with ruined fane,
Where through the window gaps with warscarred sills,
A battered Christ looked out into the rain—

Silent, all silent to the passer-by,
Those lonely mounds, or rows of crosses white,
Beyond the need of bitter words they lie,
But are they silent to their friends to-night?

Can we stand whole before a crackling fire—
We, who have gone in peace year after year
Singing and jesting, working again for hire—
Deaf to the message they would have us hear?

Not while the red of poppies in the wheat,
Not while a silver bugle on the breeze,
Not while the smell of leather in the heat,
Bring us anew in spirit overseas.

Still shall we hear the voice that fell behind,
Where eddying smoke fell like a mountain wraith,
And in the din, that left us deaf and blind,
We sensed the muttered message clear—"Keep Faith."

To every man a different meaning, yet—
Faith to the thing that set him, at his best,
Something above the blood and dirt and wet,
Something apart, may God forget the rest!

The cold rain falls in France, ah send anew
The spirit that once flamed so high and bright,
When, by your graves, we bade you brave adieu,
When Taps blew so much more than just "Good Night."

—Underwood.

AMERICAN LEGIONAIRES IN LONDON.

THE MARCH.

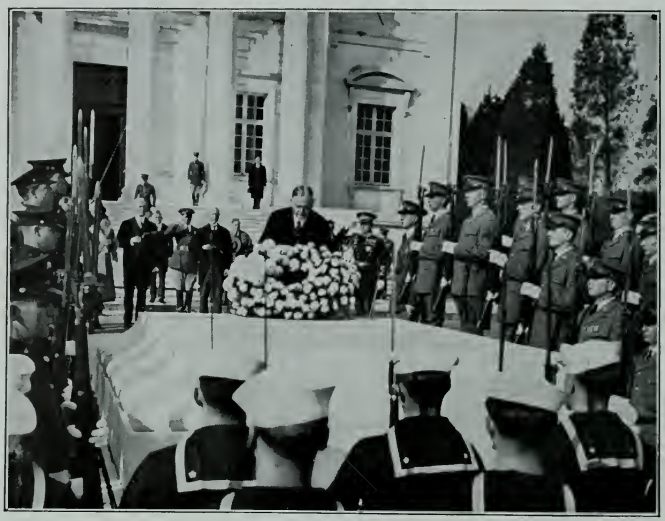
JOHN C. SQUIRE.

I heard a voice that cried, "Make way for those who died!"
And all the colored crowd like ghosts at morning fled;
And down the waiting road, rank after rank there strode
In mute and measured march a hundred thousand dead.

A hundred thousand dead, with firm and noiseless tread,
All shadowy-gray yet solid, with faces gray and ghast,
And by the house they went, and all their brows were bent
Straight forward ;and they passed, and passed, and passed, and passed,

But O there came a place, and O there came a face,
That clenched my heart to see it, and sudden turned my way;
And in the face that turned I saw two eyes that burned,
Never-forgotten eyes, and they had things to say.

Like desolate stars they shone one moment, and were gone,
And I sank down and put my arms across my head,
And felt them moving past, nor looked to see the last,
In steady silent march, our hundred thousand dead.



—Underwood.

PRESIDENT HOOVER PLACING WREATH ON TOMB OF UNKNOWN SOLDIER AT ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

JOHN MCCRAE.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
  Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
  And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
  The coming dawn that streaks the day afar:
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
  To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
  That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
  That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
  They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn.
  And in content may turn them to their sleep.

ARMISTICE DAY, 1918–1928.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

That day the guns fell silent at a word,
And instant bells awoke, and every hill
Rang high with song, till heaven itself was stirred:
Only the dead lay still,
The weary dead. But when to-day a clear,
Soft silence falls, they gather, listening
(Grown wise with immortality), to hear
Our mute remembering.

MESSAGE OF "THE SEVEN."

LINN C. DRAKE.

Our country placed here seven years ago the body of an unknown soldier. For her life he had given up his own. He remains and ever will remain unknown. But his tomb is known all over the world. It makes known everywhere and for all time that for which our country stands. This tomb, or rather this altar, is the center and the heart of America's life.

All who love our country are recognized through him, who is himself unknown. Speechless, he voices what we live for, what in time of need we ought gladly die for.

He died that peace might come to his country and the world. We ought to labor that the horror which he gave his life to stop may never again come upon the world. He symbolizes, because he is unknown in name and race and religion, that first great fundamental of our nation—the brotherhood of all men without distinction of name or race or religion.

All America salutes him today and in that salute expresses loyalty to the Constitution and the ideals of our country.

In a special way it is fitting that this Committee give this tribute and pay this salute to the dead. Seven great welfare organizations were recognized by our Government to serve the soldiers and sailors of our country. These seven organizations represented every religious faith in the United States, as well as civic aim. They united in the one common purpose. They received in return the aid and co-operation of the whole American people. They were organizations of peace. Here in the day of peace, united in the common cause of America, they stand beside the grave of the unknown. They pledge their loyalty to him, to all who died, in order that our country and all the world may possess the blessing of peace. They pledge their loyalty to him, unknown in name and race and religion, that they will cherish the institutions of America. They pledge their utmost to the end that love and brotherhood, without distinction of name or race or religion, may reign throughout our land.

To the unknown dead, who speaks our living, our abiding hope, be honor, respect and reverence.

SONNET FOR A. M.

(Mort-Belleau Woods, June 6, 1918)

"The Prince of Beggars."

To him life was a coin, with which,
Quick spent, to gain his heart's desire;
His eyes found beauty even in the mire
Of trenches;—in shattered woods, now rich
With blood spilled freely on that summer day
He found the answer to life's riddle, nor denied
The price required of him to pay. He died
As he had lived—debonair and gay,
A smile upon his face, and for his men
A song of happier days. He never knew
The joy he left along his way, or through
The fields that knew his smile. Still
Is his voice that sang of beauty then
And silent the stars that gleam above the hill.

—*Illinois State Journal.*

—P and A Photos.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN RUSSIA DURING THE WORLD WAR ARE BURIED AT ARLINGTON ON DECEMBER 5, 1929.

A LITTLE PRAYER FOR THE MAN IN THE AIR.

JOHN OXENHAM.

I never hear
The growling diapason of a plane
Up there,
The deep reverb'rant humming of a plane
Up there,
But up to God I wing a little prayer
Begging his care
For him who braves the dangers of the air.

"God keep you, Bird-man, in your plane
Up there!
Your wings upbear, your heart sustain!
Give you good flight and oversight
And bring you safe to earth again!"

I, too, have hostages with fortune up above,
And what may come to you may come to mine.
So, once again,—"God speed you as you rove!
Both you and mine to His care I consign."

MESSAGE OF MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH TO THE AMERICAN LEGION, NOVEMBER 11, 1921.

It is out of sacrifice and suffering that the greatest things in life grow.

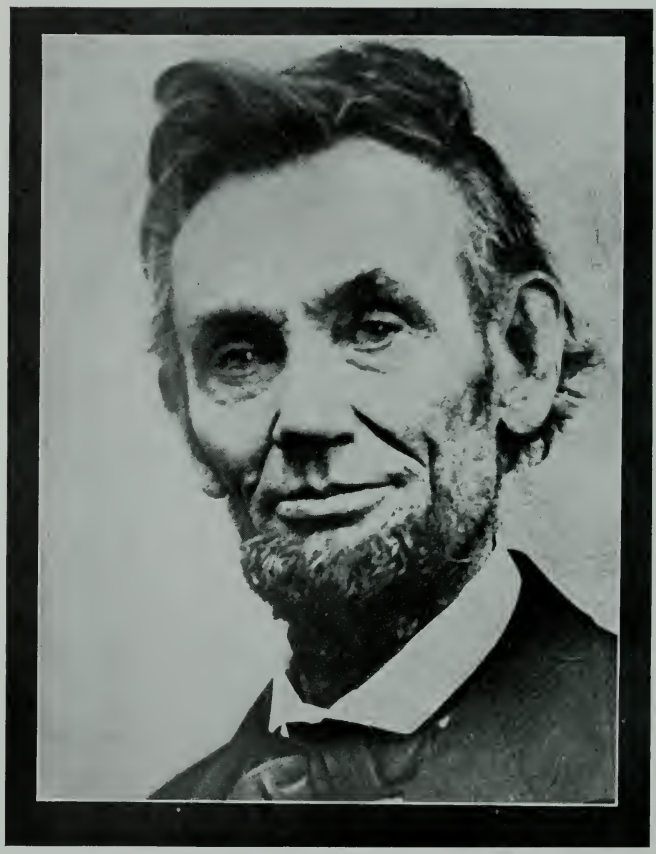
No man ever gave up part of himself in a great cause but that his sacrifice was rewarded a hundred-fold in moral and spiritual blessings.

Our hearts pour out in sympathy to-day to the mothers, wives, fathers, sisters, brothers, of those brave soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. Our prayers go up in unison for those men and at the same time we worship their memory.

Armistice Day, the 11th of November, should be made sacred throughout the entire civilized world. It is the day when we think of the noble sacrifice made by the hero dead, of the brilliant records of duty performed left on the field of battle by those wounded, of the spirit of patriotism and bravery shown by those who, fortunately, escaped shot and shell.

On this day let us think only of the great cause for which the Allies fought—a splendid cause, one that led to victory and peace. And in thinking of the great cause for which we fought, let us think also of a bond of eternal peace, so that the people of the world may work and rebuild and find happiness in industrial pursuits, with no thoughts of future conflicts.

God helping, peace will reign throughout the world.



—Underwood.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT.

James Russell Lowell.

Never did a President enter upon office with less means at his command, outside his own strength of heart and steadiness of understanding, for inspiring confidence in the people, and so winning it for himself, than Mr. Lincoln. All that was known to him was that he was a good stump-speaker, nominated for his availability—that is, because he had no history—and chosen by a party with whose more extreme opinions he was not in sympathy. It might well be feared that a man past fifty, against whom the ingenuity of hostile partisans could rake up no accusation, must be lacking in manliness of character, in decision of principle, in strength of will; that a man who was at best only the representative of a party, and who yet did not fairly represent even that, would fail of political, much more of popular, support. And certainly no one ever entered upon office with so few resources of power in the past, and so many materials of weakness in the present, as Mr. Lincoln. Even in that half of the Union which acknowledged him as President, there was a large, and at that time dangerous minority, that hardly admitted his claim to the office, and even in the party that elected him there was also a large minority that suspected him of being secretly a communicant with the church of Laodicea. All that he did was sure to be virulently attacked as ultra by one side; all that he left undone, to be stigmatized as proof of lukewarmness and backsliding by the other. Meanwhile he was to carry on a truly colossal war by means of both; he was to disengage the country from diplomatic entanglements of unprecedented peril undisturbed by the help or the hindrance of either, and to win from the crowning dangers of his administration in the confidence of the people, the means of his safety and their own. He has contrived to do it, and perhaps none of our Presidents since Washington has stood so firm in the confidence of the people as he does after three years of stormy administration.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Garrett Newkirk.

The Almighty found a poor boy in a pioneer cabin among the White-Oak Hills. His feet were bare and his garments homespun. With hard labor and coarse fare, his frame grew tall and strong.

He sat by the fireside of the humble, and lived their life until his sympathies were close to all mankind. He was strictly taught from earliest years that simple honesty, with loving kindness and sincerity, should rule his conduct: that he must never compromise with wrong, or forget the God who made him.

—*Lincoln Lessons for Today.*

LINCOLN'S WAY.

HENRY TYRRELL.

Large and loving, rudely tender,
With a heart that knew no fear,
Stern as granite for a principle,
Yet melting at a tear—
Father Abraham, they called him,
This sublime yet simple man,
In whose veins the ardent humanhood
Of Old Kentucky ran.

Dear to him the cause of Freedom,
For the black as for the white;
Dear to him the common soldier
Who was with him in the fight;
But if one perchance should falter,
With his life he must atone:
He was past all human pardon, save
The President's alone.

Now a father, poor and aged bowed
Alike with years and woe,
Crushed by all the pain and sorrow
That a parent's heart can know,
Brought, despairing, his petition;
He would plead in Lincoln's ear;
And he prayed to Heaven for mercy,
That through God's love, man might hear.

"My two sons, my only children, to the
Union's cause I gave,
One lies buried in Virginia in an unknown
Soldier's grave
And the other, last and dearest, for what
Error I know not—
Is condemned as a deserter, and is sentenced
To be shot."

"My old friend," said Lincoln, kindly,
"There has inquiry been made, and the
Execution, meanwhile, I have caused to be
Delayed, until further orders from me;
This one fact at least, I know:
Your young man can serve us better here
Above ground than below."

"God be thanked!" the old man, trembling, cried,
"And blessings on your name!
But—but—what if they should execute him when
Your orders came?"
"Never fear! before I order that," said Lincoln
Grim and sage,
"Well, your son will beat Methuselah, or die
Of sheer old age!"

LINES ON LINCOLN.

H. E. Wolfe.

Sometimes, when to me it seems
Life's the dreariest of dreams,
And I've failed in all my schemes
I start thinkin'
"Shake yourself, boy, look at Lincoln!"

Am I poor? Well, so was he;
Born and reared in poverty!
So, when money bothers me
I start thinkin'
"Money ain't all: look at Lincoln!"

Am I homely? He was too.
Ain't no use in feelin' blue
Cause God ain't showered looks on you;
Why, God's thinkin'
"The soul's the beauty—look at Lincoln!"

Do I do my best each day
In an earnest, honest way,
Carin' little what folks say?
I've been thinkin'
"That's the best way: *that's* like Lincoln!"

Ain't much chance fer me right now:
Maybe *never,* but I 'low
I'll prepare myself somehow.
I've been thinkin'
"Preparation's what *made* Lincoln!"

Country boy he was, and poor,
But his studies were the door
To the world forevermore:
Ef *you're* not thinkin'
"Study pays," *you* look at Lincoln!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be,
  How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, when there's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
  That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
  Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D.

WALT WHITMAN.

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass.
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night.
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces.
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

WOMAN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see,
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know,
To show she must not rule him,
'Tis evidently so.

The woman, she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.

LINCOLN AND JACK KELSO.

CARL SANDBURG.

Jack Kelso came with gypsy ways, and Shakespeare and Burns on his tongue. He drew Lincoln to him with talk; they were chums. Lincoln hated fishing, yet he went to the river and spent hours listening while Kelso talked and fished.

It was said that when other men in New Salem got drunk they wanted to fight, but Jack Kelso recited Shakespeare and Burns. To Kelso those poets were not books so much as faces, breaths of life; their meanings could be found in Sangamon County.

They sat along quiet river banks where the waters were living and fish bit; they asked: Who am I? What is a man or a woman? Who is God? Where do we go from here?

Kelso watched his bobber and line, and discussed such things from Shakespeare as a king's skull at the bottom of the sea with pearls grown in its green eye-sockets, or a queen haunted by a murder trying to wash a blood-spot off her hand, moaning.

And Lincoln, with his heart drawn to this vagabond who fished and drank corn whiskey, went his own way; he couldn't see any sport in fishing nor any health for him in whiskey.

LINCOLN.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument, and crowned him saint.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Abraham Lincoln is assuredly one of the marvels of history. No land but America has produced his like. This destined chief of a nation in its most perilous hour was the son of a thriftless and wandering settler. He had a strong and eminently fair understanding, with great powers of patient thought, which he cultivated by the study of Euclid. In all his views there was the simplicity of his character. Both as an advocate and as a politician he was "Honest Abe." As an advocate he would throw up his brief when he knew that his case was bad. He said himself that he had not controlled events, but had been guided by them. To know how to be guided by events, however, if it is not imperial genius, is practical wisdom. Lincoln's goodness of heart, his sense of duty, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity, his long suffering, his simplicity, were never disturbed either by power or by opposition. To the charge of levity no man could be less open. Though he trusted in Providence, care for the public and sorrow for the public calamities filled his heart and sat visibly upon his brow. His State papers are excellent, not only as public documents, but as compositions, and are distinguished by their depth of human feeling and tenderness, from those of other statesmen. He spoke always from his own heart to the heart of the people. His brief funeral oration over the graves of those who had fallen in the war is one of the gems of the language.

LINCOLN LIVES ON.

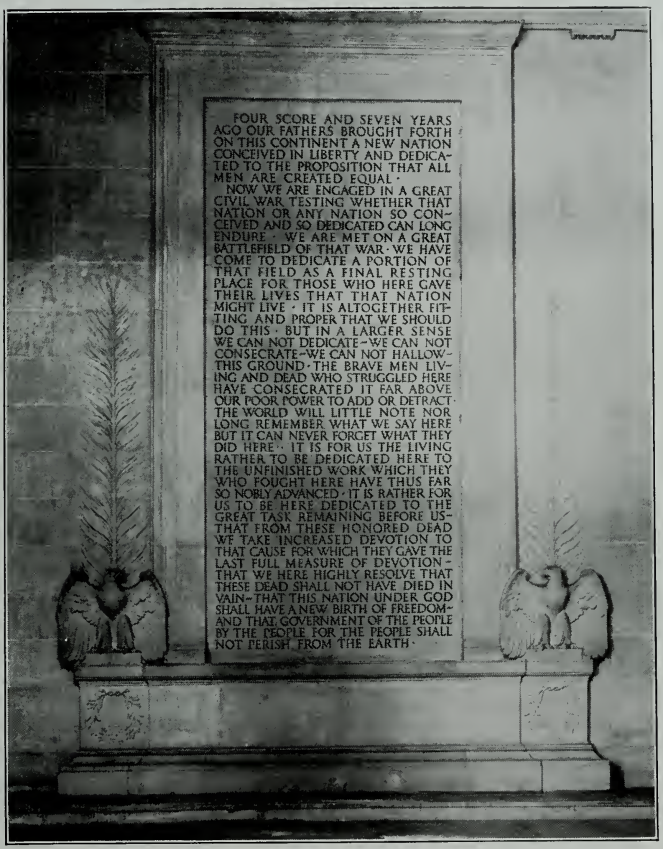
DR. JOHN WESLEY HILL.

We have passed far beyond the period in which Lincoln wrought but we cannot outlive the principles for which he lived and died.

His spiritual leadership is the greatest inspiration of modern times. He is not a historic phantom, but a living, moving, inspiring personality.

His voice is still heard calling to America and America is answering as in the 60's; "We are coming, Father Abraham," not with bayonets of steel, but with ideals inspired by Lincoln, restless for regnancy in the republic he saved.

These ideals are essential to our national life. What are they? Government of the people for and by the people; the integrity of the constitution; the maintenance of law and liberty; equal opportunity before the law; life, liberty, property, religious freedom; the application of the Golden Rule in the settlement of industrial disputes; "A just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations", and the solution of every problem, "with malice toward none and charity for all" and with "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."


FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO OUR FATHERS BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS CONTINENT A NEW NATION CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY AND DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL·
NOW WE ARE ENGAGED IN A GREAT CIVIL WAR TESTING WHETHER THAT NATION OR ANY NATION SO CONCEIVED AND SO DEDICATED CAN LONG ENDURE· WE ARE MET ON A GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF THAT WAR· WE HAVE COME TO DEDICATE A PORTION OF THAT FIELD AS A FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THOSE WHO HERE GAVE THEIR LIVES THAT THAT NATION MIGHT LIVE· IT IS ALTOGETHER FITTING AND PROPER THAT WE SHOULD DO THIS· BUT IN A LARGER SENSE WE CAN NOT DEDICATE–WE CAN NOT CONSECRATE–WE CAN NOT HALLOW– THIS GROUND· THE BRAVE MEN LIVING AND DEAD WHO STRUGGLED HERE HAVE CONSECRATED IT FAR ABOVE OUR POOR POWER TO ADD OR DETRACT· THE WORLD WILL LITTLE NOTE NOR LONG REMEMBER WHAT WE SAY HERE BUT IT CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY DID HERE·· IT IS FOR US THE LIVING RATHER TO BE DEDICATED HERE TO THE UNFINISHED WORK WHICH THEY WHO FOUGHT HERE HAVE THUS FAR SO NOBLY ADVANCED· IT IS RATHER FOR US TO BE HERE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US– THAT FROM THESE HONORED DEAD WE TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION TO THAT CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY GAVE THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION– THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN– THAT THIS NATION UNDER GOD SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM– AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH·

—Underwood.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS CARVED IN A WHITE MARBLE PANEL ON THE WALL OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

HIS FACE.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

They tell you Lincoln was ungainly, plain?
To some he seemed so; true
Yet in his look was charm to gain
E'en such as I, who knew
With how confirmed a will he tried
To overthrow a cause for which I would have died.

The sun may shine with naught to shroud
Its beam, yet show less bright
Than when from out eclipsing cloud
It pours its radiant light;
And Lincoln, seen amid the shows of war
Clothed in his sober black, was somehow felt the more

To be a centre and a soul of power—
An influence benign
To kindle in a faithless hour
New trust in the divine.
Grave was his visage, but no cloud could dull
The radiance from within that made it beautiful.

A prisoner, when I saw him first—
Wounded and sick for home—
His presence soothed my yearning's thirst
While yet his lips were dumb;
For such compassion as his countenance wore
I had not seen nor felt in human face before.

And when, low-bending o'er his foe,
He took in his firm hand
My wasted one, I seemed to know
We two were of one Land;
And as my cheek flushed warm with young surprise,
God's pity looked on me from Lincoln's sorrowing eyes.

His prisoner I was from then—
Love makes surrender sure—
And though I saw him not again,
Some memories endure,
And I am glad my untaught worship knew
His the divinest face I ever looked into!

NANCY HANKS.

HARRIET MONROE.

Prairie child,
  Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
  Nourished you?

Rolling plains
  Of billowy green;
Far horizons,
  Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
  The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
  Beat out the time:

These, and the dreams
  Of fathers bold—
Baffled longings,
  Hopes untold—

Gave to you
  A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
  Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture
  Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
  Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
  Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
  Under the ground.

Wilding lady,
  Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
  And never knew:

To you at last
  Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
  Through the nation's years.

Mother of Lincoln,
  Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
  And the victor's bays!

THE MASTER.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

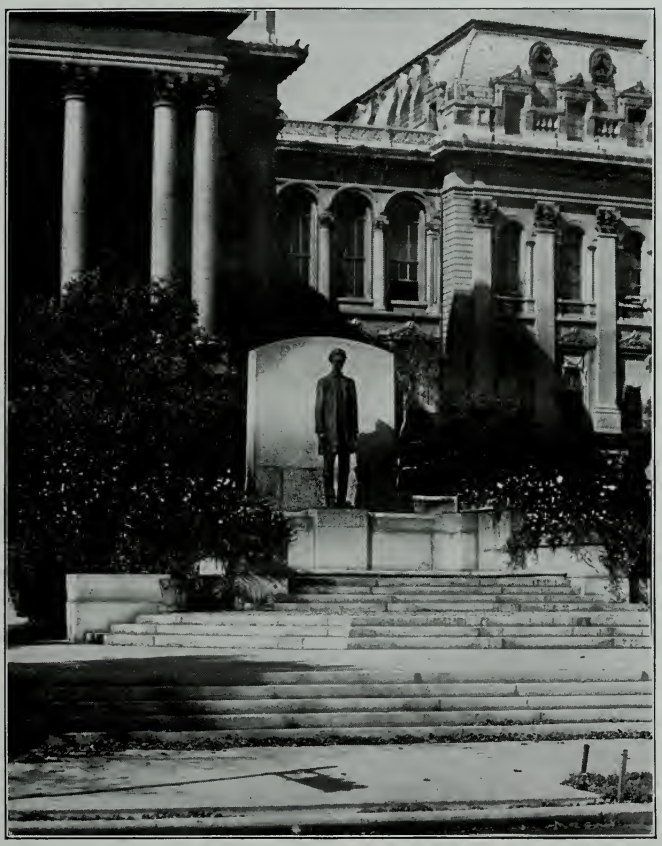
We need him now—his rugged faith that held
Fast to the rock of Truth through all the days
Of moil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld
By very God was he—that God who stays
All hero-souls who will but trust in Him,
And trusting, labor as if God were not.
His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim
Their glory; but his task was not forgot:

To keep his people one; to hold them true
To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—
Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew
Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.
Such was his task, and well his work was done—
Who willed us greater tasks, when set his sun.

LINCOLN.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Hurt was the nation with a mighty wound,
And all her ways were filled with clam'rous sound.
Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
And wept the North that could not find relief.
Then madness joined its harshest tone to strife;
A minor note swelled in the song of life
All, stirring with the love that filled his breast,
But still unflinching at the right's behest
Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed, from afar—
The mighty Homer of the lyre of war!
'Twas he who bade the raging tempest cease,
Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace,
Muted the strings that made the discord, Wrong,
And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.
O mighty Master of the mighty lyre,
Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,
And wrote thee down among her treasured few!



—Herbert Georg.

THE O'CONNOR STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT SPRINGFIELD.

—Herbert Georg.

TO THE PIONEER MOTHERS.

The Madonna of the Trail Memorial at Vandalia, Illinois.

LARGE ETERNAL FELLOWS.

Sam Walter Foss.

There are large eternal fellows making
  Music hereabouts,
And large eternal men are yet to be;
  And long will be the long, long years
Before the breed runs out,
  Strong as iron in the mountains, clean
As saltness in the sea.
  There were large eternal fellows;
And they lived before the Flood, and they
  Fought the slimy dragons of the old
Deucalion mud—and still the good earth
  Nourishes the same eternal brood.
There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

There were large eternal fellows with the
  Cave-men long ago,
Hairy Platos, stammering voices for the dumb,
  Men who felt the streaming up-gush of
Great nature's overflow.
  There is iron in the mountains, there is
Saltness in the sea,
  There shall flower higher cornblooms on
The stalks of destiny, there's a race of giants
  Growing for the long years yet to be.
There are large eternal fellows yet to come.

There was workmanship put in it, and the world
  Was made to last,
And it wears as well today as hitherto;
  And large eternal fellows that it grew there
In the past, it shall match and overtop them
  With the new;
In its green irriguous Valleys lillies grow
  As fair as then, there are giant pines and
Redwoods towering from the watered glen.
  Nor has Nature lost the cunning yet of making
Giant men,
  There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

From the star-dust of wide spaces did the mighty
  World cohere,
And there's star-dust for a million worlds to be;
  There are many things that happen in the long
Platonic year, there are new stars yet unmolded
  That the coming days will see.
The cosmic stuff for stars and men the years shall
  Not debase, and greater stars than throng
The skies shall newly loom in space,
  And greater men than yet have been shall yet
Redeem the race.
  There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

THE ANNIE LOUISE KELLER MEMORIAL AT WHITEHALL, ILLINOIS.

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